

To the WORSHIPFUL

WILLIAM TOMPSON, Esq; MAYOR,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgeffes,

AND THE REST OF THE WORTHY

Inhabitants of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY

Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

Richard Claridge.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints*, in the Town of *Northampton*, from the 21st Day of *December* 1779, to the 21st Day of *December* 1780; inclusive of the Persons (in Number 8) buried from the *County-Infirmery*; the New Chapel in *King's-Head Lane*, 8; and also those buried at the *Quakers Burying-Ground* 3; the Meeting in *College-Lane* 7; the Meeting on the *Green* 1.

D I S E A S E S.

Abortive and Stillborn	3	Convulsions	-	3	Fevers	-	-	14	Inflammation	-	2	Palsy	-	-	1
Aged	-	Consumptions	-	25	Fits	-	-	16	Imposthume	-	0	Rheumatism	-	-	0
Asthma	-	Chincough	-	-	Flux	-	-	1	Jaundice	-	0	Small-Pox	-	-	0
Apoplexy	-	Cholic	-	-	Gravel	-	-	1	Mortification	-	2	Teeth	-	-	5
Accident	-	Dropsy	-	8	Gout	-	-	2	Measles	-	20	Thrush	-	-	0

W H E R E O F H A V E D I E D,

Under Two Years old	43	Ten and Twenty	-	1	Forty and Fifty	-	6	Seventy and Eighty	-	10
Between Two and Five	13	Twenty and Thirty	-	13	Fifty and Sixty	-	10	Eighty and Ninety	-	4
Five and Ten	3	Thirty and Forty	-	8	Sixty and Seventy	-	13	Ninety and an Hundred	-	2

C H R I S T E N E D.

B U R I E D.

	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.
ALL-SAINTS. - -	32	51	83	62	61	126
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	12	23	35	13	26	39
St. GILES'S. - -	12	16	28	19	14	33
St. PETER'S. - -	3	3	6	5	4	9
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish - - -				2	3	5
In the whole Town.	59	93	152	101	111	212
	Increased	-	33	Increased	-	11

And I looked, and behold, a pale Horse; and his Name that sat on him was Death.—Rev. Chap. 6, Ver. 8.

EXULTING o'er the World, with Giant Stride,
Death, the fell Tyrant, shews his annual
Spoils. The World! ay here the Portion's small
Compar'd with his Victories through his vast
Domain. On yonder Plains, where Discord dire,
And fierce Contention, reign, what Numbers
Fall to increase Death's greedy Roll! I't not
Enough that thou, great Foe to Man, on Earth
Alone should'st reign, without intestine Broils
To glut thy insatiate Jaws? "Thou Great,
First Cause!"—thou Judge of all! ope in each Breast
A little Heaven, and Discord is no more.

From such extended Scenes, where Death, con-
join'd
With War, (let's hope) a temporary Seat
Hath ta'en—turn we our eyes within our own
Abode—where this Memento yearly tells
Our Fate—Ah! here behold his Pow'r! nor Sex,
Nor Rank, but feels the impartial Stroke.
Distinction! empty, hollow Sound; the
Church-Yard yawns to inclose it's Brother Earth:
Where then thy towering Pride—thy lofty
Grasp?—thy Shadow borne on Fancy's Wing?—
Death
Haunts thy tinsel Joys, and crops thy borrow'd
Plumes; and, e'er thy airy Phantasm's Summit's

Gain'd, his Dart is hurl'd,—thy Life it's Forfeit
Pays,—and thy World's Glory's mingled in the Dust.

Hark to the awful Knell! Conviction's
In the Sound—and let it strike Conviction
To the Soul.—With slow and solemn Pace, a
Father's Corse is borne, or Mother's dear; an
Hapless Train, the much-lov'd Progeny, with
Walk reluctant, follow; and, e'er they tread,
Bestrew each Step with Tears.

Again—the Father's Hope, the Mother's Joy,
The sacred Gift of Heaven to endear
The connubial Scene—how soon 'tis gone!
(How like the early Flow'r, which scarce expands
It's Leaves, e'er chill'd Blasts nip it, and it's Charms
Decay.) Yet why lament? The Hand which gave
It takes it back, e'er Sin o'erclouds the Soul;
Again receives it, pure, unspotted, free
From Earth's Alloy; in Son fix'd, it shouts
It's Maker's Praise, and 'hoirs of Angels join
The unceasing Song.

Who can withstand the fix'd Decrees of Heaven?
The Ag'd, the Young, the Gay, the Gentle, Brave,
Shrink under Sicknefs, and, ling'ring thro' their
Weary Hours, are made to embrace the Tomb.

This Moment's throng'd with rosy Health—but
what
The next?—our Time is spent, and sudden Death's
The Summons to the Grave. Hence with vain
Thoughts
Of worldly Lure—let's muse on these—let's learn
True Wisdom—seek to understand these Things—
And think on our latter End.

Reader reflect, Time swiftly glides away;
Th' imperious Monarch Death, before the
Next Morn's Dawn, may cut the Thread of
Life, and
Thou'rt no more. How circumspect, discreet; how
Watchful o'er our ev'ry Thought, each Act, each
Word, we ought to be! Religion! let
It be our constant Aim; to that let's cling
With Hearts of holy Zeal: The Christian,
Firm, erect, by this withstands the Tempter's
Wiles, and Death ne'er brings a Fear. Unmov'd by
Time's all-blast'ning Sand, his Soul he yields to
Enjoy eternal Bliss; whilst Sinners, who,
With Scoff, neglect it's Precepts,—remorseless
Run the gusty Road, and feel eternal Pain.

T. H.

11 NO 68
MUSEUM

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